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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1877.

NUMBER 47.

## POETRY.

### MASKED BATTERIES.

If you'll keep it secret—honor bright—  
I'll tell you a story, Joe;  
Something that happened to me last night  
Here at the masquerade ball, you know.

You may have noticed I've spooned of late  
On Laura Clyde—nothing else to do—  
She's rather pretty—at any rate,  
Fond of flirting, and I am, too.

Laura's a friend of my sister Fan's;  
Her room joins mine and the walls are thin,  
So I, by accident, heard them plan  
Their dresses for masquerading in.

The ball was lovely, the costumes fine,  
And either dancing or lead champagne—  
Can't say which, but expect the wine—  
Just a little confused my brain.

So meeting Laura—a gypsy maid—  
Knew her at once by her dress, you see—  
I took her out for a promenade  
On the piazza along with me.

"Flirted?" Said I was deep in love,  
Madly worshipped the ground she trod,  
Vowed it by all below, above;  
Did she return it?—a word, a nod?

The fair head dropped in assent; and I  
Snatched off the mask—with rapture kissed her;  
A peal of laughter was my reply,  
By Jove! Old boy, it was my sister.

Laugh at me, Joe! Don't spare my pride!  
Nor mind my feelings—I feel so glad  
To my sister not Laura Clyde;  
Heavens! What an escape I had!

## STORE TELLER.

### MY SUMMER JOURNEY.

"If he cannot love me when he hears  
I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love  
me at all."

All very well in theory, but very  
poor in practice. I fold up Fred Lang-  
ley's offer of marriage, and sit down to  
write him that, before he makes any  
further plans with me for one of them  
he must know that I am one of those  
superfluous beings, a girl who came  
into this world with no especial place  
prepared for her; that I have clerked  
at Sharp & Sniper's ever since I was  
seventeen—and I am now twenty three,  
that I have two young sisters depend-  
ing on me for support, growing up in  
gawky, ill clad ugliness, a shade plain-  
er than myself even.

Someway, when I first met him at  
that pleasant summer resort, the first  
breath I had had out of Sharp & Snip-  
er's store for two years, I was so hap-  
py. I forgot to mention the scrub-  
bing life I had left behind me at home,  
and I was sick of poverty and third  
rate people. I was glad to forget it.  
How should he, being a man, know  
the dress I wore had been turned twice,  
that I trimmed my bonnet myself;  
that the diamond ring I wore I had  
borrowed from my sister, being the  
unvalued relic of some forgotten lover  
of hers; that the beauty he said was  
in my face was due to my happiness  
in his society? For I do think the old  
saying, "Be good and you will be hap-  
py," ought to be reversed.

How did he know that charming  
naïveté of mine was learned trying to  
induce customers to buy?  
Old Sniper always says when he ex-  
pects to sell a large bill of goods to a  
customer:

"Let Miss Jo manage him, she can  
smile the dollars out of his pocket if  
anyone can."

So I smile and smile, and yet I am  
no villain, for they are enforced and  
impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those  
few weeks of ecstatic joy! What love-  
ly walks and rides we had up and down  
the woods and ravines! What charm-  
ing sails through the dells, through  
Willow's Gulch, and about the Devil's  
Elbow!

How brilliant and agreeable and how  
handsome my Fred was! Dare I call  
him my Fred before he knows that I  
clerk at Sharp & Sniper's?

I am no strong minded woman! I  
frankly confess that I do not like to  
take care of myself. I am no clinging  
vine, however, never had anything to  
cling to. I have grown up stiff and  
straight all by myself, like a weed in  
the middle of a bare, ten acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad  
wife after all. I am a good housekeep-  
er, and having been no trouble or ex-  
pense to any one since I can remember  
I do not see why I should be so very  
much trouble now, even with my two  
sisters thrown in for ballast. Still,  
Fred must know all about the poverty

and incumbrances, and make up his  
mind accordingly. So I waste a great  
many sheets of paper writing an an-  
swer that shall be frank and truthful,  
and yet lady-like.

I informed him, in my most genteel  
manner, that he must marry three when  
he leads me to the altar.

I sent it off in a pink envelope, my  
heart beating a painful tattoo as I  
think of his elegant sister he has de-  
scribed to me, and he a member of the  
legislature.

I pieced down my sister Sophia's  
one summer silk for her, that I bought  
at such a bargain, thinking peradven-  
ture there might be a wedding soon.  
I do not scold May when she comes  
home late from the picnic with my  
bestsash drenched and soaked through,  
my lace fichu torn, and her toes  
through both her boots, and creeps in  
bed beside me. I hug her into my  
arms instead, with that hungry, un-  
satisfied longing I always have for  
kisses and caresses; but she only says  
"You strangle me Jo, you soft, mushy  
thing!" and moves along out of my  
reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have  
always been called this on account of  
my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house  
like a lark; the next week I do not  
sing so much; the next week I do not  
sing at all, but go about heavy-eyed  
and slow, and burst into tears when  
May sits down at the old, faint-heart-  
ed piano, and begins to storm away at  
"El Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz and  
mine.

I might have known all the time he  
would never answer the letter; it has  
always been my luck. Let me see  
how many lovers have I had.

There was No. 1 waiting on me  
when my father died of heart disease  
and left me penniless at seventeen.  
He came to see me after the funeral,  
and told me he had great sympathy  
and respect for me, and that he should  
never marry unless it was some poor  
girl thrown upon her own resources,  
and with no one to take care of her,  
as he thought that was the true way  
for a true gentleman to do; and with  
these sentiments he bowed himself  
out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! but then  
he married the same year the daughter  
of a wealthy man who had never done  
anything harder in her life than curl  
her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who  
wrote poetry, and threatened to die or  
shoot himself when I refused him—  
this was years ago. He is now in  
good health with a wife and two chil-  
dren; but I always hated men who  
wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby.  
He visited me for a year and told me  
he loved me; but something he digni-  
fied by the name of pride forbade him  
from saying anything more, and I have  
been heartily glad since that he was  
ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these  
well-disposed-of and settled gentlemen  
makes the non-arrival of that letter  
any easier for me. I get weary and cross,  
my chest is getting weak, and I get  
faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days when I stand at the lace  
counter and some one is pricing this  
and cheapening that, I think I shall  
fall in a dead faint from sheer exhaus-  
tion. Women are so much harder to  
suit than men, and, ten to one, go to  
picking over things, very likely be-  
cause so few of them, poor things,  
have any money of their own to spend.

The fall winds come, and I walk  
over beds of fallen leaves, then that  
long, awful winter of 1874 I waded  
through high drifts and through  
storms that take my breath away, to  
reach Sharp & Sniper's.

Sophia the oldest of my young sis-  
ters, is ailing this winter, so I get up  
and build the fire, with numb fingers,  
so as to get to the store at seven. Be-  
fore the spring opens, that she so  
longs to see, poor, patient, hard-work-  
ing Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before  
her, I have tried to instill into her the  
principle that work is her end and aim  
and that she must not expect anything  
beyond in the life of a woman who is  
both poor and unbeautiful.

She has done all the cooking and

most of the housework for us three  
while I have been at Sharp & Sniper's  
and May has been at school.

I have come home worn out and  
fretful, to help what I could by snatch-  
es.

She has had about half what she  
ought to have to eat, and about a third  
of what she ought to wear. Well, she  
is at rest now, and has gone where "all  
hearts are filled," and I stay where  
hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the  
summer silk that should have graced  
our wedding; take the seventy-five  
dollars I have laid away in the bank,  
to buy her coffin and pay her funeral  
expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy  
of a few hundred dollars from an old  
uncle of ours. I send May off to  
school with this, determined that she  
shall not be like Sophia. I am left  
alone, and do my own work. I eat  
my solitary meals, salted with lonely  
tears. I have ceased to ever hope to  
to hear from Fred now.

The June days come again, hot and  
long. There is sunshine without hap-  
piness and stillness without rest.

I look at the glass—I am all eyes;  
my face is sharpening out, my collar  
bones protrude, I am getting waspy  
and thin; so much for putting my  
trust in man.

Old Sniper looked at me to-day,  
even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation;  
a week or so this hot weather in the  
country will do you good, and you can  
work the better on your return."

So I thank him, thinking sadly that  
no trip to the country can make me  
happy now; that I am heir henceforth  
only to woman's undisputed legacy,  
tears and longing after the love and  
appreciation she will not receive.

The big-hearted manager of the  
road, who is acquainted with my way,  
gives me a pass to St. Paul and return.  
I care little which way I go, and have  
selected this route because it passes  
through the town where Fred Lang-  
ley lives. Though I half despise him  
for his fickleness, still I have a woman's  
curiosity to ride through this city,  
even though I only catch a glimpse of  
his office window.

I get me a brown poplin traveling  
dress. I find that old maids gener-  
ally wear a brown poplin, and the older  
they get, the more colors they wear,  
especially scarlet. I have always hat-  
ed red. I cannot see my way clear,  
just yet, to putting it on my bonnet,  
so I get a more youthful bunch of pale  
blush rose-buds for my hat.

One hot, bright July day I set out  
on my lonely trip; once seated in the  
train by the open window, my spirits  
rise, for I always did love to ride in  
the cars; there is a pleasant rush and  
excitement about them that pleases me;  
we are flying, so fast, through white  
towns and over bridges and out into the  
vast Wisconsin prairies—not smooth  
and rolling, like those of Illinois and  
Iowa, but rough and rugged, full of  
rocks and ragged thickets, with little  
cabins set down here and there like  
birds nests in the grass; flocks of rag-  
ged children troop out of these and  
stare at the passengers—the dear lit-  
tle dirty creatures! What an inventory  
they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and  
my dusty suit! Here is a field starred  
with swam lilies, I scart lobelias and  
wild asters. How I long to get out  
and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and  
know by the warning whistle, that we  
are within a mile of Fred's home. The  
big manufacturing town is already in  
sight; the sand and sawdust and coal  
smoke is flying. Of course I have my  
head and shoulders out of the window,  
with my eyes and mouth full of cin-  
ders, and gaping wildly about me. The  
train grates, jars and stops. The usu-  
al number of women with boxes, bud-  
gets and parasols bundle off the train.  
The teachers' association is held here  
this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-  
nosed, hungry-faced women get off also,  
teacher written all over them, from their  
angry hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it  
that steps up and shakes hands with  
two of the lankest, most-winded old  
maids of them all, but my darling  
Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morn-  
ing; takes their satchels and shawls,

and turns to the lady who is with him,  
whom I know by the elegance of her  
dress and a certain high-bred sweet-  
ness about her, is his sister. The old-  
est old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to  
meet us! We should have been so be-  
wildered in this place. So good of you  
to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy," but he  
said it rather languidly.

He glances up at my window, and in  
spite of cinders and soot, my caved-in  
bonnet, my hair all flying, and my  
cheeks burning like live coals, he knows  
me and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I  
hear him say, and another second he  
is on the train, leaning over my seat,  
with my hand held tightly in his, ask-  
ing me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I  
have time to answer; and he whispers  
"Good-by, Mignon; I will see you  
again; and he is off the cars as the  
bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him, as  
the train moves off, helping his sister  
and the old maids with their satchels,  
and their ankles like axe-helves, into  
the carriage; I see him take the front  
seat beside the one with red poppies  
in her bonnet, touch the reins and the  
horses are off like birds. How I envy  
that old maid, though she has a wart  
on her nose, and looks like a last year's  
mullein stalk.

Something gets into my throat and  
chokes me, and I refuse the orange the  
man in the next seat with the big beard  
offers me. Something chokes me all  
the way to St. Paul.

It may be the green peach I have  
eaten; but I think it is that old maid.  
Why did I let him speak to me so fi-  
amiliarily, and call me "Mignon," his old  
name for me? Why did I not pull my  
hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as  
these until we have crossed the bound-  
ary line, and have entered Minnesota;  
here the scenery gets wilder and wilder,  
the broad Mississippi winds lazily at  
the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees top-  
pling uncomfortably along their steep  
sides; close to the car windows great  
walls of rock rise, oh, so high in the air.

The train balances dizzily along like a  
rope-walker over high rocks, where it  
seems as if the least jar would send us  
down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until  
we reach St. Paul. What a queer, ele-  
vated town it is, as if every house in it  
had climbed up and set down on the  
top of the hill. I get out in a pouring  
rain, greatly to the detriment of my  
bones. I stop at one of the grandest  
hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say  
to myself spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself for once, though  
I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreary magnificence, how-  
ever, for I get tired the first day wan-  
dering up and down the parlors and  
long halls. I grow restless the sec-  
ond day and want to go home. As to  
Minnehaha falls, what a baby falls to  
come so far to see! I grow so tired of  
the strange faces and the scenery that  
by the third day my brilliant summer  
debut is getting to be unbearable, when  
when a boy brings up a card with Fred  
Langley's name engraved on it.

I try not to make indecent haste down  
into the parlor, but somehow my feet  
will take two steps at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter in  
a pink envelope in his hand, which I  
see by close scrutiny is my poor old  
letter written a year ago, telling him  
about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond ex-  
pression. I snatch it at fiercely. Fred  
holds the letter far out of my reach  
and catches me in his arms instead, be-  
stowing upon me some of the old-time  
kisses, whose unforgotten sweetness I  
had trained myself to believe I should  
never see again.

"Did you think me so mean, sordid,  
unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer  
your letter? It was lost and never  
found until yesterday, and I came as  
soon as the train would fetch me to an-  
swer it in person."

I ask no questions; I only lay my  
weary head down on his shoulder, and  
cry out my overburdened heart on his  
bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are  
driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha

springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of  
St. Anthony's falls on my ears that I  
venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose  
that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from  
the postman and put it on the high  
mantel, where it slipped away against  
the wall and she forgot all about it,  
and being a bit of a woman like your-  
self, she never noticed the edge of it  
above the mantel, or no one else, until  
this week two rather oldish lady teach-  
ers came to spend a few days with us  
and one of them, while looking for  
knickknacks on this shelf discovered and  
brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her  
bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I in-  
quired eagerly.

"Yes, on the whole, I believe she  
had."

Heaven bless that old maid!

## REMARKABLE EDUCATION OF A CHILD WHO WAS STRICKEN DEAF.

A good many years ago when the  
accomplished daughter of a well-known  
gentleman of this city was a little  
girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fe-  
ver, and when she recovered was stone  
deaf. Fortunately the child, who pos-  
sessed a remarkably sweet voice, had  
learned to talk before the attack, and  
the physician who attended her, find-  
ing that her sense of hearing had en-  
tirely gone, enjoined upon the moth-  
er the necessity of carefully keeping  
up the habit of speech, in order that  
it should not be totally lost. From  
that time out the mother devoted  
herself to the preservation of her  
daughter's voice, almost to the exclu-  
sion of everything else, and the suc-  
cessful issue of her undertaking has  
proved an ample reward for her la-  
bors. The young lady is now not  
only an accomplished member of so-  
ciety, but an excellent artist, well known  
among the painters of New York. Her  
education was so carefully attended  
to by her mother that she not only  
talks well, but understands everything  
that is said to her by simply watching  
the lips of her interlocutor. On one  
occasion a clergyman of this city called  
to see her mother, and was received  
by the young lady. After some fif-  
teen minutes the mother presented  
herself and the young lady retired.  
Presently the conversation turned up  
on the daughter, and the mother said  
something about her "infirmity." The  
clergyman, who had seen nothing to  
indicate any lack of perception in the  
young lady, and who had not noticed  
any physical defect, was surprised and  
asked what was meant. The mother  
then explained that her child was  
stone deaf. The clergyman was loath to  
believe it, and almost demanded  
further proof of the fact. The young  
lady was then called, and it was proven  
to his entire satisfaction that she  
could not understand a single word  
that was spoken unless she saw the  
motion of the lips which uttered it.  
Like the deaf girl described in Wilkie  
Collins' novel of "Hide and Seek," she  
is singularly susceptible to any vibra-  
tion of the timbers of the room or  
house in which she may be, and her  
mother has established a system of  
telegraphy with her by means of the  
doors and balusters, by which she can  
communicate with her throughout the  
whole house. By simply striking the  
baluster or door with the open hand  
her parents can apprise her that her  
presence is desired in a particular  
room or part of the premises, and by  
modifications of the taps can inform  
her of many of the minor affairs that  
are taking place. Although her father  
has a handsome competence, this young  
lady earns enough for her own sup-  
port in the pursuit of her art.—*New  
York World.*

## A TERRIBLE LIAR.

"He was the orfalest liar I have ever  
seen," said Cooley O'Leary, as we  
returned from his friend's funeral.  
"Why, he told me once that he lived  
on a small island out in the Pacific  
Ocean on which there was a volcano.  
And he said that there was an active  
demand out in that region for water-  
melons, so he went into the business  
of raising them. And he said that one  
year his whole crop failed except one  
melon, and that kept on growing at  
such a fearful rate that it crowded him  
off the lowland and up on the side of  
the volcano, which generated steam and  
caused an explosion which blew up  
the whole concern to atoms, and shot  
him four hundred miles out to sea,  
where he was picked up by a whaler."

"He used to tell me that the one  
great mistake of his life was that he  
didn't drive a plug in the crater of the  
volcano so as to make it water-tight and  
then slice open the watermelon and  
come sailing home on the half-shell."

"He would lie," he said that once  
he was cast away on an iceberg, with  
no baggage but a pair of skates and a  
fishing pole. But he skated around  
until he came across a dead whale,  
frozen into the ice. So he took off his  
shirt—it was night for six months of  
year up there—tore it into strips for  
a wick, ran the strips through the  
bamboo fishing-rod, stuck the rod in the  
fat of the whale, and lit the other end.  
He said it burned splendidly, and the  
iceberg reflected the light so strongly  
that it was bright as day for forty miles  
around, and one vessel ran into the  
berg thinking it was it was a light-  
house. He said he sold the iceberg to  
the captain for \$15,000, and the cap-  
tain split it up and took it home, and  
made two hundred per cent. profit dis-  
posing of it to ice companies."

"Lie! Well sir, he beat any man I  
ever came across. He told me that  
once out in Nevada, a mountain lion  
attacked him, with his mouth wide  
open. He had presence of mind  
enough to grab it by the tongue and  
pull. The lion roared with pain, but  
he did his level best pulling, and pre-  
tending soon the tongue began to give  
and the tail to shorten, and directly out  
they came, the tongue and the tail in  
one continuous string. He said he had  
em at home and he showed em to me,  
but my belief is that they were only  
three or four cow-hides and a bull's  
tail dove-tailed together."

"He was astonishing as a truth crush-  
er. Said he served on a gunboat dur-  
ing the war which was very small and  
light, while the mortar on the deck  
was very large and heavy, and he said  
the first time they tried to fire a fifteen  
inch shell, the shell remained station-  
ary, while the recoil was so great that  
it fired the gunboat four miles up the  
stream and landed it in a tree. He  
was a liar, but now he's dead I reckon  
he'll catch it."

There is no doubt about it; Mr.  
O'Leary was very successful as a con-  
structor of energetic works of fiction.

wife putting up peaches in those old-  
fashioned tin cans that closed with  
sealing-wax. She had an apron on,  
and two or three little blotches of  
sealing-wax ornamented the floor, while  
the cat under the table was licking a  
piece the size of a postage stamp with  
assiduity.

"See here, Maria," he said, "you'll  
cripple yourself with that hot wax  
directly," but as she made no answer,  
he continued oracularly: "Women  
never have any mechanical genius,  
any way. If there is a way of doing  
anything wrong they are sure to try  
it."

"Do you think you can do any bet-  
ter?" she observed, with some acidity.  
"Why, of course I can."

"Well, here, just distinguish your-  
self, then."

So he sat down. She handed him a  
fresh can, just out of the hot water.  
He took it in his hand and dropped it  
as though it had been a streak of  
lightning; while he stuck his fingers  
in his mouth and locked sudden death  
at her because he could not swear. She  
gave him a towel to hold the next one  
with, and he took it on his knee, light-  
ing the sealing-wax stick, and com-  
menced prodding around the top, but  
the bottom burnt his knee, and he  
jerked, bringing the wax across the  
back of his left hand. Then he jumped  
up and howled, dropping the can,  
which emptied a spoonful of burning  
preserves into his slipper. This made  
him frantic, he went dancing about  
the kitchen like an inebriated dervish,  
waving the burning wax until a drop  
took him on the nose. "In his anger  
he kicked the offending can through  
the window, scattering its contents  
over the dog, who rushed into the  
street howling and raising an alarm  
of mad dog, which attracted the atten-  
tion of all the people within three  
squares. Then he submitted to be  
laid on the sofa, and plastered with  
flour and sweet oil, until he looked  
like a badly-prepared scarecrow. He is  
willing to make an affidavit the size of  
a barn door that he will let the women  
be just as awkward as they please.—  
*Elmira Gazette.*

## A TERRIBLE LIAR.

"He was the orfalest liar I have ever  
seen," said Cooley O'Leary, as



# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.  
FORT LEWIS SELINLEY,  
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate Editor.  
REV. ARTHUR W. MANN, Jr.,  
677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O., Editor.  
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,  
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is issued every  
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes  
published; it contains the latest news and  
correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:  
One copy, one year, \$1.50  
Clubs of ten, 12.50  
If not paid within six months, 2.50  
These prices are in advance. Remit by post-  
office money order, or by registered letter.  
C. S. Terms, cash in advance.

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All communications must be accompanied with  
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views and opinions expressed in communica-  
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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Let-  
ters to be sent to the  
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Rates of advertising made known upon  
application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on  
receipt of five cents.

## EDITORIAL DEFERRED.

An account of a trip to the East,  
which we took on the 9th inst., re-  
turning on the 17th, is necessarily  
postponed till next week for lack of  
space, by reason of a large amount of  
correspondence. In our next edition  
we shall try to give a full and interest-  
ing account of our late travels. We  
will here express our hearty thanks to  
all who so freely gave us their names  
as subscribers to the JOURNAL during  
our late absence.

## NO MORE OF THAT KIND.

In this week's issue we publish in  
our correspondents' columns three arti-  
cles relating to the late church con-  
troversy, over the signatures of "C.," "A.,"  
and John T. Tillingham. Those three  
articles were sent before the writers  
received the JOURNAL of Nov. 8th, which  
contained our editorial headed "Let  
Brotherly Love Consume." Without  
the least desire of showing partiality  
in favor of one party or another, and  
after holding the above-mentioned cor-  
respondence in check for a few days,  
we concluded to let them appear in  
our paper, but we wish all correspond-  
ents to understand that with their pub-  
lication, the controversy, as far as the  
space in the JOURNAL is concerned,  
must be forever settled.

## The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to in-  
stitutions of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for  
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent: *The Hemizer*.

"Men" societies are on the carpet at Colorado  
Springs, Colorado.

A daughter of Prof. H. S. Gillett, of the Indi-  
ans Institution died recently.

A humbug in the ear-drum and truss business  
is going the rounds of the institutions.

There are at present 241 pupils at the Michigan  
Institution, 128 deaf and dumb, and 43 blind.

The Ohio Institution deaf-mutes were treated  
to an exhibition of magic and feats of skill re-  
cently.

The roll of honor system of the Nebraska In-  
stitution, it is claimed, makes the boys believe  
first-rate.

The boys at the Nebraska Institution are very  
much interested in the progress of the Russo-Turkey  
war.

A traveling show, consisting of a man and a  
big bear, delighted the pupils of the West Vir-  
ginia Institution.

JAMES SIMPSON, once a member of the High  
Class of the old New York Institution, is now liv-  
ing near Flint, Michigan.

The printing presses and materials of the New  
York Institution, from whence the *Educator* comes  
out, cost \$1,288.42, to be precise.

Last year the deaf-mute girls at the Nebraska  
Institution, with the help of the seamstress, com-  
pleted 393 articles of sewing work.

GRONKIE KERR, of Millburn, Ill., is the proud  
individual who has subscribed for the *Advocate* regu-  
larly for the past eight years.

A deaf-mute shoemaker out west was prostrated  
by the dumb ague, and when he got well, found  
some twenty orders awaiting him.

Prof. Walker, of the Illinois Institution, is  
corresponding secretary of the Young Men's  
Christian Association of that place.

The Illinois Institution pupils, some of them  
we mean, went nutting on a recent pleasant Sat-  
urday and returned with 205 pounds of walnuts.

EMERSON BROOKS, second Vice President of the  
Board of Directors of the New York Institution,  
has been elected to the lower house of the legisla-  
ture.

The pictures of the recent reunion of deaf-  
mutes at the Illinois Institution, are said to be  
first-rate. We would not object to a few our-  
selves.

The chimney funnel of the Illinois Institution  
erected in last month, had the Superintendent, Dr.  
Gillett, cut sufficient lands to repair it by mid-  
night of the same day.

They trap rabbits and opossums at the West  
Virginia Institution, and some of the little ones  
escape unknown and ask bigger friends if they can  
hear them crying.

The New York Institution paid \$525.95 for legal  
services in 1876, and seems to have got the full  
benefit of it. City water cost the institution \$11-  
225, and flour \$4,903.75.

A colored deaf-mute painter, aged about 30,  
committed suicide in the almshouse of Lawrence  
township, Mercer county, N. J., on Monday, the  
12th inst.

## Local Paragraphs.

George Snow, of this village, is teach-  
ing school near Pulaski.

Alec Myers is buying and receiving  
potatoes at our railroad depot.

Miss Gertrude R. Stone left home  
last Saturday to resume her studies at  
Packer Institute.

Rev. Barnetson, Pastor of the Pratt-  
ville church, preached at Stone Quarry  
last Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Collins expect  
to begin house-keeping before long, on  
the William Collins place.

Some of the farmers are butchering  
their hogs, and occasionally some very  
nice pork is brought in for sale.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington has been quite  
sick for a few days past, with a very  
acute and painful attack of rheumatism.

Eva Benedict is said to be a very lit-  
tle improved, with prospects for her  
recovery a little more encouraging.

Mr. Dillon takes possession of the  
Empire House this week, and will soon  
have it in readiness again for a hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer B. Clark will  
soon move again, this time from the  
Empire House to Mrs. Vanduzee's  
house on Church street.

People who thought to know, say that  
there will be no settled winter here  
until six weeks after last Saturday  
night's thunder showers.

Joshua Wadley, at Williams' cider  
mill, is manufacturing a large quantity  
of cider. At one time this fall he had  
2,000 bushels of apples on hand.

With the mud frozen hard for the  
past few days, the roads have been very  
good, and our streets have presented  
quite a business like appearance.

The Fall term of school at districts  
7, 8 and 9, in this village, closes on Fri-  
day of this week, and the winter term  
begins on Monday, December 10th.

Several nice, wide, substantial cross-  
walks, lately put down at different  
points in place of old ones, add great-  
ly to the convenience of pedestrians.

The Fall term at the Academy ends  
on Friday of this week. There will be a  
two weeks' vacation, and the winter  
term will begin on Tuesday, December  
11th.

"Grandmother" Wickwire has been  
quite unwell for the past few days, owing  
to the shock occasioned by the  
death of her daughter, Mrs. Simon  
Tuller.

Mr. Merriam and his sons, of Den-  
ton's Corners, are building, and will  
complete this fall, a good, substantial  
cheese factory 90x30 feet and two  
stories high.

Miss Jennie Everts, of this town,  
was married on Tuesday of this week,  
to a gentleman named Storms, of Tex-  
as. They left for Texas intending to  
make their home at the South.

Rev. Burroughs Holmes, of this  
place, recently visited relatives and  
friends in Onondaga county, and while  
there, by invitation, preached a sermon  
for the M. E. Society at Canastota.

There have been a great many stoves  
and stove-pipes to move and set up  
within a few days. As a natural re-  
sult, there have been many more fingers,  
and considerable scolding, but we hear  
of no broken backs, nor very tall swearing.

Rev. Frank A. Greeley, formerly of  
Oswego, was ordained to the ministry  
at Orwell, on Tuesday, Nov. 13. He  
takes charge of the Union Church,  
which is made up of Baptists, Methodists,  
Congregationalists and Presby-  
terians.

We were in error last week in say-  
ing that William Menter, of this vil-  
lage, had been chosen clerk of the  
Board of Supervisors. He was nomi-  
nated, but when the Board had their  
election, Mr. Nutting, of Parish, was  
elected to the position of clerk.

A Teachers' Association for the Third  
Commissioner's District of this county,  
J. W. Lydd, Commissioner, will be  
held at the Academy, in this village,  
Saturday, Dec. 8, 1877. A very pleas-  
ant and profitable session is antici-  
pated. Rev. W. F. Hemmingsway, Pastor  
of the M. E. Church in this village, will  
deliver a sermon before the Association,  
Friday evening, Dec. 7.

A tramp came along one day last  
week, went into Phineas Davis' barn  
and appropriated several small articles  
of hardware. Mr. Davis discovered  
him, and also the stolen property in  
his possession, had him arrested and  
taken before Justice. Cole, who gave  
him a coupon with which to pay his  
board and lodging for fifteen days at  
the Pulaski Cross Bar Hotel.

William Fletcher, of this town, nephew  
of Mrs. Anna Mason, of this vil-  
lage, was recently lost overboard and  
drowned, from the steam tug Terror,  
while off Watch Hill, on Long Island  
Sound. Mr. Fletcher was twenty-two  
years of age, had always been a resi-  
dent of this town and was formerly a  
pupil of the Mexico Academy. He was  
well known in this community, boy a  
good character, and his sad death is  
deeply deplored by a large circle of re-  
latives and friends.

South Jefferson street, with its re-  
cent improvements, consisting of grad-  
ing, paving the gutters, raising some  
of the buildings, raising walks and  
laying new ones, and removing super-  
fluous shade trees, now has a very neat,  
ornamental and city-like appearance.  
Much credit is due the property own-  
ers of the above-mentioned street, and  
other various improvements in different  
parts of the village for expending so  
much in improving their premises, and  
aiding so largely in beautifying the  
looks of the village.

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The eight-makers' strike at New  
Orleans, seems to meet with better  
success than the majority of strikes.  
Fifteen of the manufacturers having  
already agreed to pay the increased  
wages demanded.

A young lady in Washington com-  
municated 36,000 full grown potato  
bugs from a field put in her charge  
the past season, besides six bushels of  
slugs or "bugs in an unfinished state."  
The field contained seven acres.

Queen Victoria's crown is com-  
posed of 1,863 brilliant diamonds,  
1,263 rose diamonds and 147 table  
diamonds, one large ruby, seventeen  
sapphires, eleven emeralds, four small  
rubies, 227 pearls, all set in silver and  
gold.

A one hundred thousand dollar  
fire occurred in New York on the 15th  
inst. While the Engine company  
No. 21 were absent from their house,  
thieves entered the place and stole  
clothing and other property to the  
amount of \$200.

Three white men named Robert  
Bix, William Snyder and Solomon  
Morris, who disturbed the meeting of  
a colored congregation at No. 249  
West Seventy-eighth street, New York,  
were arrested, fined \$10 each, and  
put under \$300 bail each for future  
good behavior.

Mrs. Julia Minton, a school-teacher,  
fell through a hatchway in Boston, re-  
ceiving serious injuries for which she  
sued for damages, obtaining a verdict  
of \$7,000. The defendants appealed  
the case and last Thursday the full  
bench of the Supreme Court sustained  
the original verdict.

An unknown dead tramp was dis-  
covered a few days ago lying along  
side of the track of the New York and  
Oswego Midland railroad between  
Hurley and Fallsburg. Both his legs  
were cut off and he was otherwise  
badly mutilated.

Six months ago a party of young  
men left Burlington, Ia., for the Black  
Hills. From time to time they have  
proudly written back that they were  
doing well. But last week one of  
them wrote to his father that he would  
be home Wednesday evening, and ad-  
ded, "Meet me on Agency road, at  
dark just out of town, and bring a  
blanket or a whole pair of trousers  
with you. I have a hat."

Sunday traveling on the city rail-  
ways at Trenton, N. J., was stopped  
by the city officers, on Sunday, the  
11th inst. The company officers or-  
dered the drivers to proceed, the po-

## LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

There was but little wind blowing  
last Sunday night, but what there was  
in circulation played numerous little  
travellers, among which were the mov-  
ing of old boxes from one place to an-  
other, and a barber's sign from its  
appropriate location to the insurance  
office of Morse and Irish, and, attach-  
ed to a bean pole, employing it to  
decorate the door. The sun rose as  
usual Monday morning, stray boxes  
were kicked away from stove doors and  
steps, lost signs were found and adjust-  
ed in their places of duty, and once  
more peace and quiet reigned on the  
exterior side of our village.

Loud and long continued peals of  
thunder and quick-darting flashes of  
lightning, accompanied by occasional  
sudden, dashing showers of rain last  
Saturday night, were followed by cold  
sharp winds, and a little snow, and on  
Sunday morning the weather did not  
indicate a trace of the previous night's  
thunder shower. The morning was  
cold and bleak, but people turned out  
for church, and the congregations  
were as large as could be reasonably  
expected. The wind subsided, clear,  
sharp, frosty nights and cold but pleas-  
ant days followed, and many who  
were not well prepared for winter, have  
been taking advantage of the past few  
days of sunshine to make their build-  
ings more comfortable.

William Ely left home about three  
o'clock Monday morning, the 12th  
inst., telling his family he was going  
to Oneida county to pay a bill that he  
owed, for goods for his undertaking  
shop. Lincoln Crosby, who has been  
working in Conklin's livery stables,  
took a horse and buggy and carried  
him to Union Square depot and then  
returned. Later in the day, Crosby  
left by a train on the Oswego & Rome  
Railroad. It is rumored that a woman  
named St. Clair, who has been board-  
ing at Barrett's Hotel for two or  
three months, left town on the same  
day. Since Ely left home, the bill,  
that he said he was going to pay in  
Oneida county, has been sent here for  
collection, showing that none of the  
\$700, which Mrs. Ely claims that he  
took with him, was used for paying the  
bill. Mrs. Ely, since she remembers  
many little circumstances connected  
with his preparations for leaving home,  
is now convinced that her husband  
did not intend to return. It will be a  
pleasure for us, if future developments  
admit of the explanation, to record the  
fact that there was nothing irregular  
in the manner of the three above men-  
tioned persons leaving town on the same  
day. At present, we are informed that  
Mrs. Ely is not looking for Ely's re-  
turn. She and her children are en-  
titled to the sympathy of our citizens,  
as they are in every sense worthy of it,  
and are left in quite destitute circum-  
stances.

## MEXICO LECTURE COURSE.

We are glad to learn that those who  
have this matter in charge are deter-  
mined to make it a success. One  
hundred and seventy-five tickets have  
already been subscribed for, and there  
is abundant reason to expect that the  
number will reach 200 or more within  
a few days. It is to be hoped that our  
citizens will cordially support this  
movement, and show their appreciation  
of our young men's endeavors, by lib-  
erally patronizing this worthy under-  
taking. We understand, authoritatively,  
that the course will be of a high order.

The first lecture will be readings, by  
Locke Richardson, in the Presbyterian  
Church, Friday evening, Nov. 30.  
From what we have understood of Mr.  
Richardson's ability, through the press  
and from the warm reception he re-  
ceived here two years ago, he will un-  
doubtedly have a full house.

Music will be furnished for the oc-  
casion by Mrs. A. M. Parker.

In our next issue will be given near-  
ly, if not the entire course.

Both season and single tickets can  
be had at the stores of J. L. Virgil  
and E. L. Huntington. Lectures to  
commence at 7:30 p. m.

## GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL MEN.

Editor JOURNAL.—The storm of sec-  
tarian discussion seems to be over,  
for the flag of truce is unfurled. Now  
may the layman proclaim, "Thy King-  
dom come," and "Peace on earth,  
and good will to mankind."

It cannot be expected that every  
man will succumb to the doctrine that  
is preached. The Lord has endowed  
men with reason and they must obey  
the dictates of their own conscience  
touching religious topics. Nor are the  
people obliged to go to Jerusalem to  
worship. They can worship God in  
their own temple. They may worship  
him in form or in words of their own  
construction, but he who is a spirit,  
must be worshipped in spirit. The  
words of the contrite are more accept-  
able to God than the exuberance of speech.

Deaf-mutes in general are like their  
hearing brethren. They are at  
liberty to choose their own way in  
which to worship their God.

It is an acknowledged fact that the  
establishment of church missions has  
done great deeds of good among the  
deaf-mutes. Do the deaf-mutes in gen-  
eral think that church missions mean  
the establishment of the Episcopal  
church only? If so they are wrong,  
for they include Calvinistic churches.

Now that the white flag is unfurled  
may not we lay down the weapons,  
shake hands and agree that we will  
not make any intrusion into the field  
of another mission, if that mission is  
accepted by the community? I honor  
the man who stands by his flag, and does  
not play the part of a traitor.

## A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

Mrs. Susan Fountain, a poor wo-  
man busy picking up coal in Syracuse,  
was struck by the cars, and had her  
shoulder dislocated.

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Fifteen of the manufacturers having  
already agreed to pay the increased  
wages demanded.

A young lady in Washington com-  
municated 36,000 full grown potato  
bugs from a field put in her charge  
the past season, besides six bushels of  
slugs or "bugs in an unfinished state."  
The field contained seven acres.

Queen Victoria's crown is com-  
posed of 1,863 brilliant diamonds,  
1,263 rose diamonds and 147 table  
diamonds, one large ruby, seventeen  
sapphires, eleven emeralds, four small  
rubies, 227 pearls, all set in silver and  
gold.

A one hundred thousand dollar  
fire occurred in New York on the 15th  
inst. While the Engine company  
No. 21 were absent from their house,  
thieves entered the place and stole  
clothing and other property to the  
amount of \$200.

Three white men named Robert  
Bix, William Snyder and Solomon  
Morris, who disturbed the meeting of  
a colored congregation at No. 249  
West Seventy-eighth street, New York,  
were arrested, fined \$10 each, and  
put under \$300 bail each for future  
good behavior.

Mrs. Julia Minton, a school-teacher,  
fell through a hatchway in Boston, re-  
ceiving serious injuries for which she  
sued for damages, obtaining a verdict  
of \$7,000. The defendants appealed  
the case and last Thursday the full  
bench of the Supreme Court sustained  
the original verdict.

An unknown dead tramp was dis-  
covered a few days ago lying along  
side of the track of the New York and  
Oswego Midland railroad between  
Hurley and Fallsburg. Both his legs  
were cut off and he was otherwise  
badly mutilated.

Six months ago a party of young  
men left Burlington, Ia., for the Black  
Hills. From time to time they have  
proudly written back that they were  
doing well. But last week one of  
them wrote to his father that he would  
be home Wednesday evening, and ad-  
ded, "Meet me on Agency road, at  
dark just out of town, and bring a  
blanket or a whole pair of trousers  
with you. I have a hat."

Sunday traveling on the city rail-  
ways at Trenton, N. J., was stopped  
by the city officers, on Sunday, the  
11th inst. The company officers or-  
dered the drivers to proceed, the po-

## CONDENSED NEWS.

A slight shock of earthquake was  
felt at St. Louis on the 14th.

Roderick Clow, a physician of New  
York, has failed. Liabilities \$10,000.

The balance in the New York  
city treasury Nov. 10th was \$4,099,  
587.76.

The London, Can., police have  
been prohibited from wearing mous-  
taches.

90,000 models were destroyed by  
the late fire at the United States Pat-  
ent Office.

A violent earthquake, lasting a  
minute and a half, was felt at Knox  
ville, Tenn., Nov. 19.

Ohio has 381,000 acres of apple  
orchards, and this year raised 15,000,  
000 bushels of apples.

The Unitarian Church Society, of  
Newark, N. J., has suspended services



*[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]*

NO BETTER NOR WORSE THAN OTHER FOLKS  
---THE OPINION OF ONE DEAF-MUTE.

WORCESTER, MASS., NOV. 17, 1877.

On the evening of the 10th inst., Mr. William Lynde, of Boston, came to this city to deliver a sermon before the Worcester ladies, on Sunday forenoon. He read the fifth chapter of 1 John and spoke upon "Search the scriptures." He gave several excellent examples. We were greatly delighted at our prayer-meeting in the evening.

DANIEL W. CARY.

THE EMPIRE STATE DENOUNCING NEW ENGLAND STATES' ACTION—CATHOLICS, CONGREGATIONALISTS, BAPTISTS, INTELIGENTS, JEWS, UNITARIANS, METHODISTS, AND EVERY RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION ENDORSING THE VENERABLE PROFESSOR'S WORK—NEW YORK STANDS FIRM BY PROF. JOSEPH TURNER—A BETTY TO MRS. RICHARDSON AND COFFIN, G. A. HOLMES AND W. H. GREEN AND OTHERS.

A handful of fools in New England states found, last week, by an accident that they could command a majority of the deaf-mute societies, and they signalled the occasion by erecting a dozen foolish, nonsensical and cash letters, which were inserted in the JOURNAL. They have succeeded admirably in erecting a monument to their own lunacy. Their letters have no question. If there are any vacancies at present in their State Insane asylum, the friends of the "worthies" who wrote the letters attempting to do malice, should endeavor to secure their admission.

Here the Misses may consider a moment, and then honestly admit that Job Turner is like the clergyman I have alluded to; and they must know that they are not doing any good towards God if they can not help Job Turner in his true and honest undertaking.

us. You ought to fully understand that our clergymen are not perfect men by any means, and do not, I suppose, profess to be, but the average is fair, and their teachings and ministrations can be accepted by us as a safe rule for our daily intercourse. As a general thing, if we practice what they preach, uninfluenced by a spirit of intolerance, we shall better men and women, society will begin to improve, personal bickerings will cease, and no longer drag us into the gutters of retaliation, despondency, crime and ruin. We want more real and genuine Christianity, and less bigotry and hypocrisy. To-morrow is

is not man's fault? God has made us to so love society that the most severe punishment known is that of solitary confinement. Solitary confinement is enough to set men crazy. Obedience to our inherent love for companionship, it is natural for us to seek out certain persons to associate

finds a number or one, with what affection does he lay the "distress" upon his shoulders and carry it all over the world, rejoicing that he has shed the light of God on those who have long been in darkness; and those who have been supposed to be dead, have frequently been brought to life and light again. We can also see Job Turner in the image of a tender-hearted father who has a dissipated

A WORD TO JOE TURNER.

Men who scoff at religion are, creatures in whom the last spark of manhood has flickered and gone out. Keep a with your mission work. When an attempt to hinder you from reaching the gospel of God, he hinders his God from allowing you to

ATTEST NEWS FROM HARTFORD.

The health of the pupils is good, with the exception of a few who have taken cold and who are under medical treatment.

There was one case of diphtheria with fever. At one time the patient was not expected to live long, but by the unrelenting care of the matron, and the skill of the physician, the Lord being willing that the patient should

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 16, 1877.

language, too, is new to me, but this

ays. Day after to-morrow I go to  
rease, St. Paul, Rio Grande, Montevi-  
eo, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, Uruguay,  
eru and Chili. I shall now study the  
untry, since I am here.

Yours truly,  
JACQUES LOEW.

lev. A. W. Mann. The court-house situated in the city of Cleveland, which cost \$300,000, is one of the finest build-

the able supervision of Gilbert O. Papp. I would advise pupils to make acquaintance and avail themselves of its advantages. They give a series of parties for the mules, according to their different ages, and they are a most source of pleasure and help to the pupils.

Mr. Park drove a nice bay horse about Columbus to show me the State House and State Prison. The next

A convention of the deaf-mutes will be held in Columbus, Ohio, in 1879. I hope they will meet many of their friends there.

N. DENTON.

W. Packard, of Salem, and were of a very interesting character. The attendance was much larger than usual.

much success. I have not a list of the  
 officers of the Fall River Society, but  
 am informed it is undenominational

claim on which was held by J. W. Higgins, was struck on the temple by George Huffstater; one of the occupants of the premises, and died a few days afterwards. At a coroner's inquest, held on the 12th inst., the verdict rendered was that the deceased came to his death by a blow at the hands of George Huffstater, who was arrested and held to await the action of the grand jury.



BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Ah, well did Mrs. Jerome know that those words sung by that child would reach a father's heart. What a beautiful way to introduce the long lost brother to his only child! Could the inmates of that home have known the

himself to take his glass. Many of our poor inebriates are those whose hearts are tender and kind: free-hearted, generous to a fault, they suffer beyond all computation when alone.

Father and Son: When I see the  
 crey, it reminds me of the Father, Son  
 and Holy Ghost. When I see the  
 our, it reminds me of the four Evan-  
 gelists that preached, Matthew, Mark,  
 Luke and John. When I see the five  
 it reminds me of the wise virgins that  
 trimmed their lamps; there were ten,  
 but five were wise and five were fool-  
 ish, and were shut out. When I see  
 six, it reminds me that in six days the  
 Lord made heaven and earth. When  
 I see the seven, it reminds me that on  
 the seventh day God rested from the

The resident of this city has no political status in common with humanity elsewhere; the moment he sets foot into the District, be he black or white, native or naturalized, in the twinkling of an eye he is changed and is henceforth a political penitentiary, with no rights in relation to suffrage that any law is bound to respect. He may pay taxes, and support schools, but he can have no voice in the selection of those who make the laws, levy the taxes or manage the affairs of the District. Similar outrages upon the rights of a peo-

**Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy**, when used with **Dr. Pierce's Nasal Bouche**, and accompanied with the constitutional treatment which is recommended in the pamphlet that wraps each bottle of the Remedy, is a perfect specific for this loathsome disease. It is mild and pleasant to use, containing no strong or caustic drugs or poisons. The Catarrh Remedy is sold at 50 cents, Bouche at 60 cents, **by all Druggists.**

**R. Y. PIERCE, M. D., Prop'r,**  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**

uffering from Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases of "Liver Complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

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— *et* —

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